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NOVEMBER
1952

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GLEANER

NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
Farm School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania

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Education—A Need of Many Farmers

If one were to take the time to examine the marketing programs of various farmers throughout the country, he might be amazed at the lack of proper marketing methods.

One area, in particular, is in my mind. This is the area centered around the Tri-County Cooperative Auction Market Association, in Hightstown, New Jersey.

This market handles the needs of many egg, poultry, and produce men in the surrounding counties. It was my experience in the egg and poultry sections of this market that prompted the writing of this editorial.

Time after time during the summer many producers brought in eggs that were rotten, unsalable for other reasons, or below Grade "A."

Storage conditions are the biggest malefactors in producing a fancy egg. The results of poor storage conditions mean a lower return for the farmer; therefore, it would be expected that the farmer, knowing this, would want to learn as much as possible about correcting these conditions.

One is amazed to realize the resistance shown by these farmers. Many of them actually *refuse* to follow proper management practices in their storage program. They feel that you are insulting their intelligence when you advise them, even though the advice will help them to increase the size of their checks.

For example, two brothers produced a large number of eggs and shipped them twice a week. Those produced were, basically, a fancy egg. However, when the eggs arrived, they were moldy, rotten, or had a bad odor.

Of course, when these eggs came to the market, they had to be classed as unsalable. When we tried to explain to these farmers that they had to change their methods, they agreed, but a week later their next shipment came in the same way.

Why, you may ask yourself, did these men refuse to do the right thing? Was it that they were incompetent, or didn't they have the intelligence for correct management? These and many more questions could be asked, but to answer them is not so easy.

There is a definite need for trained men who can be depended upon to provide correct and lasting education for producers of eggs and other agricultural commodities. It is indeed a shame to have such a precious food as eggs wasted by incompetence.

* * * *

As an example of a cooperative, Tri-County shows several important characteristics, both good and bad. In regard to the produce market, there seems to be a definite need for better buyers—men who are not afraid to spend money for the commodities wanted. Whenever a market has a cheap buyer, the quality of the product brought in will be di-

In Syracuse, New York, at the annual NEPPCO exposition, the Eastern Collegiate Poultry Club held an exhibit in which they publicized their organization and at the same time tried to show the need for a college education in agriculture. Cornell, Rutgers, Connecticut, University of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, West Virginia, and the National Agricultural College were the participating members of the club. The result of the exhibit was very satisfactory and beneficial to the organization.

By JOSEPH L. CHERNICOFF '53

* * * *

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Mr. Chernicoff:

I wish to thank you and your staff for your reference to the Amburgo Farm in the May issue of the *Gleaner*. . .

It may interest you to know that in 1918 when I was a student at the Farm School, I often dreamed of the day when I would own my own farm. I am extremely happy that my dream has become a reality. I feel that I owe a great deal to my Alma Mater, and I am very proud of the continued progress and success of the college.

I wish to extend a cordial invitation to you, your staff, and any other students to visit the farm at any time. You will always be welcome.

With kindest regards,

Cordially yours,

THE AMBURGO CO., INC
Samuel M. Golden, Pres.

September 9, 1952

Dear Mr. Finkler:

It was most kind of you to send me the April issue of the "*GLEANER*," having sketched and painted around several of the old houses owned by the college, I was extremely anxious to know something of their early history.

Now, not satisfied with receiving the one issue, I would appreciate having the entire series, as they appear, if that would be possible. . .

Thanking you again, I remain,

Mrs. John W. Sigafos
21 W. Ashland Street
Doylestown, Pa.



What future lies ahead of these egg Producers?

rectly proportional to the price. In other words, the product will definitely be of inferior grade.

The egg auction is the best feature of this market, fortunately, and here the producer usually gets a good price for his product.

In conclusion, Tri-county is an efficient organization. The management (Joseph Mohr, General Manager, and Joseph Petro, Poultry Manager) is helpful, and the employees know their job and use their knowledge to the utmost.

Editorial

Old Man Winter is slowly but surely creeping up on us, and as the days grow cold and windy, shelter must be found.

On our campus we students have two alternatives on days such as these. One: we can lie on our beds; or two, we can sit at our desks. These choices are sometimes sufficient, but what really is needed is a lounge where students may go for entertainment, reading, or writing letters.

In the basement of Lasker Hall is the bare skeleton of a lounge. But it is woefully inadequate for our needs.

At present, your Student Council is attempting, through the cooperation of the Administration, to build a suitable lounge. Primary needs for such a lounge include a coat of paint, furniture, ping pong tables, pool tables, reading and writing desks, lamps, and other equipment which will make a first class recreation room.

In addition to the lounge, the steps and hallway leading from the basement to the dining hall are in a deplorable condition. Students must use these stairs during the cold weather; therefore, we hope that some immediate action will be taken to rectify this situation.

I seriously believe that if we get a lounge that we can be proud of, every student will cooperate to keep such a room clean and in good condition.

BY PETE KRUSCH '53

IN MEMORIAM

We were very sad to hear of the passing of a former member of the class of '53. The death of William "Lefty" Neff on Tuesday, September 9, 1952, caused by an automobile accident, was a great shock to all of us here at the college.

ONE MAN'S OPINION

By ED VANSANT '53

I have come to the conclusion that the human race isn't human anymore! When a man goes into a restaurant to eat, he is very respectful to the waiter. He never raises his voice, and doesn't tap the plate with his spoon if service is not prompt; he patiently waits, leaving a tip at the end of the meal as a token of services rendered.

What happens to his politeness when he enters the N. A. C. dining room?

The freshman waiters cannot help but get a bad impression of upperclassmen because of the manner in which they are treated. If the same upperclassmen would recall their freshman days when they themselves were waiters, they would not continue to make an unpleasant situation for the new freshmen waiters.

Probably the inefficiency of the new systems, tried for the first time this semester, and at times the not too desirable food, have caused some resentment. These are not valid reasons for being unpleasant to waiters or making undue noise.

On the other hand, a word must be said for those serving waiters detail. Remember, freshman waiters, that the sophomores, juniors and seniors have been through what you have been experiencing and know "all the tricks of the trade."

Give us a break and you in turn will be treated well. For example, try to remember serving spoons for each table. Don't put coffee and tea out too soon, but on the other hand remember to put them out! Let's have cooperation on both sides! What do you say?



"I'm the only one who can navigate this road"

THE EDITORIAL CARTOON

The above cartoon could have, without any difficulty, been captioned BEFORE.

Just as this issue was going to press, the repairing of Alumni Lane began. The work started on Monday, November 17th, and finished Tuesday, November 18th.

This work was one step towards the re-beautifying of parts of National Agricultural College.

* * *

All articles in the GLEANER are the opinions of the authors; not necessarily of the College.

The Administration Speaks

(The second in a series of articles by members of the Administration and Faculty.)

This second article is by Donald M. Meyer, Dean of Students.)

How does the National Agricultural College fit into the way of life of which we are a part? What is our function as an educational institution? In order to answer these questions we must consider first the place of higher education in the life of our country.

In the early days of our American agrarian society, life was often severe but seldom complicated. Life was best learned in its own school and college education was a rarity. The social upheavals which the last half century has brought now make our lives vastly more complex than those of even our immediate forbears.

As recently as the turn of the century a college education was not considered essential. Even in so recent an era, education beyond high school was primarily for the favored few who, by accident of birth or the financial good fortune of their parents, were able to devote four years and a considerable sum of money to college. A few of these people trained for the learned professions such as teaching, medicine, the ministry, and law. For the majority of the college-trained, however, the objective was culture, in a rather narrow sense of the word. Life was not sufficiently complex to require a college education in order to master or appreciate it.

Although agricultural colleges had been founded in many states as early as the 1860's, early progress had been slow, and their existence had barely made itself felt a half century later. Agriculture was not yet a profession, but rather a way of life and the son learned at the father's side.

For the majority, what was good enough for father was in fact good enough for son. The few who were not satisfied took steps which eventually led to revolutionary changes in the field of agriculture. The agricultural colleges were, of course, instrumental in bringing about these changes.

These changes have made it possible for today's agriculturist to raise twice as much food as did his father two decades ago. On no more acreage, fewer men produce more and better food stuffs for a greatly increased population and have surplus enough to ship great quantities

to feed the free world. Such performance requires understanding and skill which demand special preparation.

The popularity of agricultural education at the college level is attested to by the growth of such colleges until a state agricultural college existed in every state. Depending upon the size of the states, their population, and importance of agriculture in their economy, many state colleges have grown to considerable size. The other divisions of the state colleges grew in number and size. Many became universities in name as well as in fact. Graduate divisions were added. The "ag college" became just another part of the state college or university.

With enlarged enrollment, increased educational efficiency became necessary in these colleges of agriculture. Classes became larger and instruction more routinized. Bulky and difficult to administer parts of the curriculum, such as practical instruction were often sacrificed to such efficiency.

Many persons concerned had evidently forgotten the facts, or had been forced by expediency to accept the view that these educational institutions should be run as any business where efficiency is good. Actually, in an educational institution, efficiency is of secondary importance to the education of the individual students within its walls.

Something had to suffer and it became the individual educational results gleaned by these students. Most private colleges had already learned of the dangers of mass production in education, many of the better ones lowering pupil-teacher ratios to eight or ten to one.

National Agricultural College is not just another agricultural college. There is no need for another such traditional institution. Recognizing the need for a private college in the field of agriculture, N. A. C. has tried to steer clear of the weaknesses which are inherent in those controlled by the state.

On the N. A. C. campus, the agricultural student is king. All of the facilities of the college are devoted to his education. He takes all of his courses on the campus, not being required to take non-agricultural courses on other campuses with students majoring in other fields.

The faculty at N. A. C., chosen not only for educational but also practical background in their teaching field, are in a ratio of one full time faculty member to less than ten students. Small classes are the rule and teacher-student relationships are close and cordial. Both are working toward a common goal: the training of the agricultural undergraduate.

The criticism is often justifiably leveled at American colleges that their instruction is too artificial, too far from the realities of life. In an effort to guard against this situation, N. A. C. has taken several steps. Practical instruction is an integral part of each academic year and extends into summer terms as well. Although most agricultural colleges shy away from or sneer at practical instruction on the college level, we are making it work without sacrificing the academic phase of our curriculum. This, of course, means added responsibilities upon all of us, administration, faculty, and students, to make the extra effort necessary in order that our system continues to thrive.

Our extensive field trip program is another aspect of our curriculum in which we strive to bridge the customary gap between theory and actual practice. It is the responsibility of all concerned to assure that these trips are as educational as possible.

Another common criticism of colleges is that they teach socialization rather than citizenship. Granting that mastery of social adjustments is essential, we feel that emphasis on the social life of the student is definitely secondary to obtaining an education for a successful life in his chosen field.

Colleges too often feel that exposure to courses in the social sciences is sufficient in training for citizenship. National Agricultural College emphasizes citizenship in a different way. Our citizenship grading system takes into consideration participation in the extra curricular affairs of the college. Thereby all students are encouraged to participate as their time and ability allow. The extensive extra-curricular program in a small student body provides ample opportunity for all students to develop qualities of leadership. Attendance, effort, and attitude are other essential factors which are highlighted by the system.

People go to college for many reasons.

(Continued on page 10)

THE HOME FARM

Third in a Series of Historical Articles

BY MARVIN ADELMAN '55

Like farms One and Three, the Home Farm has a very old and colorful background. It dates back to William Penn's far famed "Walking Purchase," a treaty by which Penn was to have as much territory as several persons could cover, walking, in three days, and another treaty which gave him all the territory "that could be run in two days journey with a horse."

The price was paid in wampum, blankets, guns, kettles, beads, fish hooks, etc., in sharp contrast to the \$1,000 to \$1,500 per acre which much of it is worth today.

In March, 1681 (271 years ago) Penn sold some 20,000 acres of land in this vicinity, and after a series of sales and resales, 300 acres of what is now N. A. C. were sold to the Shewells who built Painswick Hall, Farm No. Three. Shewell sold 151 acres of it to a William Haire on November 26, 1748. This purchase includes the Home Farm.

Joseph Haire, to whom William bequeathed the farm in 1756, had a son also named William who eventually inherited the property, for in his will bearing date 1825, he asks his "executors to sell his real estate for the best price to be had." The price was \$4,260 in "lawful money of the United States."

The purchaser was Judge John Ross, who received, besides the land, "houses, outhouses, barns, stables, ways, woods, water, water courses, rights, liberties, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereto."

Ross was a very brilliant man and an outstanding lawyer, being sent to Congress and making a name for himself in everything he entered. Of nine children, four sons were college men and lawyers. The oldest son graduated from Princeton. Soon after being admitted to the bar, he fought a duel on the Delaware river and was never heard of again. There were also four daughters, about whom little is known.

Judge Ross left the house to his daughter Adelaide when he died in 1834. She married Dr. Samuel R. Dubbs and they had four sons. The youngest, Dr. Joseph Dubbs, sold the place to Judge Richard Watson either in 1870 or 1871 for thirty four hundred dollars. He died in 1889, having owned the place eighteen years. In his will he left "all to his wife." In 1896 she sold it to Farm School as the humble beginning of our great college. No records could be found that indicate exactly when the house was built, the first men-

tion of it being in William Haire's will in 1756, but as he bought the place eight years earlier, he very probably built the house soon after or around 1749, making it over two hundred years old.

Farm Home No. One was built four years later and No. Three, nineteen years earlier. The house at Home Farm has had two additions in more recent times, one on either end, but the middle section is the original home, with its heavy beamed ceilings, long hinges, quaint door latches, and one of the largest and most beautiful fireplaces to be found in any of the old houses in this section. For years after coal heaters came into use, the fireplace, which measures close to six feet across the inner dimensions, was boarded up and no one knew it was there.

The house was the home of the first two deans of the school, several professors, and for the past seven years the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Groman.

So it can be seen that in the 271 years of Home Farm's existence, its soil has been continuously tilled. Aside from good crops, there has arisen from this farm not only farmers, but judges, congressmen, lawyers, deans and professors, and from the part of the farm on which our campus buildings stand, many great men have gone forth and a great many more will follow.



The Home Farm

MORE ABOUT HISTORICAL ARTICLES

In the December issue, read about the Farm School.

"FARM SCHOOL—1900" is an interesting and informative article dealing with the life of National Farm School students.

NEW FACES AT N. A. C.



Dr. George E. Webster

DR. GEORGE E. WEBSTER

BY HOWARD TODD GORDON '56

One of the many "freshmen" at N. A. C. this year is Dr. George E. Webster. He is our new professor of mathematics, a one semester course for freshmen; farm machinery practicum, a two semester course for sophomores; farm structures, a one semester course for juniors; and farm machinery one and two, for sophomores and juniors. Dr. Webster is also the supervisor of all the practicum.

Previous to becoming a member of our faculty Dr. Webster held a position as state supervisor of Food Production War Training, and Assistant State Supervisor of Agricultural Education in Vermont for three years. Immediately after, he was principal of the State School of Agriculture for seven years (1944 to 1951).

Dr. Webster was born on the 400 acre family farm in Danville, Vermont. Here his family raised dairy cattle, poultry and maple products. Dr. Webster worked for four hours a day on the farm during school and he can't remember

(Continued on page 10)

DR. TIBOR PELLE

BY CARL BONFRIEND '54

An interview? Gosh, what should I ask? How does one go about getting an interview for the first time? Work for the GLEANER and this might be your problem too, so here is how I solved mine.

The following are a few basic questions which are of interest to all and which help break the ice for the cub reporter.

Question—What do you teach here?

Answer—Farm management, animal physiology, veterinary parasitology, animal nutrition, animal husbandry practicum for freshmen, juniors, and seniors, and also aid to Dr. Turner in Principles of Food Industry Practicum.

Question—Will you tell me about your previous education?

Answer—I was born in Hungary and attended high school there for eight years. Upon graduating, I went to the

(Continued on page 10)



Dr. Tibor Pelle

CALIFORNIA PEACH CULTURE

BY MARTIN CHERNEK '53

Because of a letter Morton Levinson received from the Del Monte Corporation, of California, I found myself two weeks later in the famous "Peach Bowl of the World."

It began one late afternoon in May, while waiting for the evening meal in the student lounge. The usual audible impatience of my fellow students filled the room. In the din, I heard a familiar voice: "Hey Marty, you wannah go to California?" It was Morton Levinson.

He showed me a letter he had received from the California Packing Corp., more familiarly known to the consumer as Del Monte. They informed him of an opening in their summer employment project. We were overheard by Norman Auslander and there and then our trip to California took form.

For six days we traveled by car the length of the United States to San Francisco, where Del Monte had its employment office. We were assigned to the 480 acre Sutter Peach Ranch, located 56 miles northwest of Sacramento.

The Sacramento Valley, a general farming area, is the northern half of what is called the Great Valley. Being farther north, it is cold and wet enough to have somewhat different climate and crops from those of the San Joaquin Valley. Rainfall in and around Sacramento ranges from 15 to 35 inches. Irrigation is needed for most orchard and field crops but not for the grain that grows during the rainy season.

The soils are variable, with some hardpan land and fine-textured basin soils. The basin soils produce heavy yields of rice and grain, but are adapted to fewer crops than the medium-textured alluvial soils along the many streams that enter the valley.

Livestock, both cattle and sheep, are wintered in and around the Sacramento Valley, to be pastured in near-by private range lands and national forests in the mountains during the summer. Some stock is kept in the valley the year round to utilize the numerous pastures and the crop residues—such as grain stubble and sugar beet tops. Commercial poultry farms and swine production is scattered throughout — neither one heavily concentrated in any area.

The region contains several important fruit districts producing peaches, prunes, almonds, pears, walnuts, olives, and even a little citrus fruit.

Over half the land harvested in the region is in grain and grain hay. In addition, most of the rice grown in California comes from the valley — namely, the Sutter Basin Region. Alfalfa, sugar beets, and canning tomatoes are other important crops.

We arrived at the Sutter Peach Ranch May 29th, and began work May 30th. The summer's work was well diversified — hand thinning the fruit, propping the branches, grading the fruit, June-budding, irrigating by the check system (contour flooding), boxing (hauling and distributing harvest boxes into the orchard), flagging airplane dusting pilot, discing, and breaking and leveling of irrigated contour ridges. An introduction to the Caterpillar tractor enabled us to perform the last two operations.

One of the skills performed (June-budding), furthered my knowledge of plant propagation, a skill I had been taught last semester. In this process budding was done on Lovell stock which had been planted in the fall of 1951.

The operation of budding consists of inserting a single detached bud underneath the bark of the stock. It is employed only in stocks of small diameter, and preferably in those not more than one year old.

The cutting from which the buds were taken was of last year's growth of the variety Cortez. Since budding was done on such a large scale, the supply of cuttings was kept moist by immersion in water. These cuttings were taken by the budder and wrapped in wet burlap to prevent them from drying out as he performed his operation.

The stock was first prepared by removing all leaves and twigs from the area to be budded. A T-shaped incision, (made from 3 to 6 inches above the surface of the ground) just through the bark, was made on the stock. As the operator removed his knife from the last incision, he gave a deft turn to right and left and loosened the flaps of the bark so that the bud was easily in-

serted. The bud was then taken from the stick of last year's growth and shoved into the matrix underneath the bark until it was entirely within the cleft.

For the sake of speed, a tier followed the budder using a rubberband to hold the bud in place. After three days of growth the upper portion of the stock was cut half way to the bud, and five days later it was cut just above the bud. This "cutting back process" encourages the bud to develop. When new growth was initiated (about 2½ inches) all sucker and sprout growth of the stock variety were removed and, likewise, the tied rubberband.

I feel, therefore, that my theoretical and practical exposure to budding given at N. A. C. enabled me to successfully perform June-budding, as was done on the huge commercial scale in Wheatland, California.

DO YOU HAVE

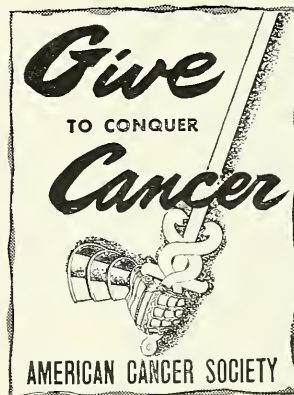
any ideas in regard to new ways of planting, pruning, etc.?

If you do, send them in to the GLEANER, typed on one side of the paper and double spaced. If the article is accepted it will appear in the March issue of the GLEANER.

* * *

WATCH FOR

the December issue. The "STORY OF CANNED MILK" by Kurt Sonneborn will probably bring him many questions.



Who Will Be Miss Gleaner of 1953?

NOW — For the First Time You May Choose a Campus Queen of N. A. C.

Miss Gleaner of 1953 will appear on the cover of the MAY issue.

The winner will be guest of honor at the Sweetheart Dance in April, at which time she will be crowned and awarded a prize.

RULES FOR CONTEST

(1) Entries may be made by any member of the National Agricultural College.

(2) Contestants may be wives or sweethearts of students of the college.

(3) Contestants will be entered by photographs.

(4) All photographs will be five by seven (5" x 7") inches, they must be of the head and shoulders, in black and white, AND MUST NOT BE RETOUCHE.

(5) All entries must be in by March 31, 1953.

(6) Entry, if selected, must be able to attend the Sweetheart Dance to be held in April.

(7) All photographs will be returned.

RULES FOR SELECTION

(1) All pictures will be posted before March 31, 1953.

(2) All students, faculty, and staff of the National Agricultural College may vote for their choice.

(3) All votes will be collected in Room 20 Elson Hall Dormitory.

(4) Five finalists will be selected.

(5) Judges for the selecting of the queen from the five finalists, will be announced at a later date.

"MISS GLEANER" ENTRY BLANK

I wish to enter _____
as my choice for "MISS GLEANER OF 1953." Please deliver all entry forms to Room 20, Elson Hall, National Agricultural College.

THE ADMINISTRATION SPEAKS

(continued from page 6)

They have been classified by a leading writer in the educational field under five headings: the desire for the unique experience of campus life; to satisfy intellectual curiosity; to understand current society in terms of existing values; to become indoctrinated into the ways of

the upper social class and to meet the right people; and finally to obtain professional training for a specific occupational field.

While these reasons all have varying amounts of merit, the last of these reasons appears to the writer to be the only one for which the spending of four such precious years would be justified. National Agricultural College is concentrating upon this point in its program.

In these critical times in which we live, college training in the scientific and practical phases of agriculture is essential to our national existence. Our government desires that each citizen serve in that capacity wherein his ability and interest lie. The Selective Service System classifies each citizen in his occupation. Students at N.A.C. become classified in the occupation of college students preparing for the field of agriculture. They can best serve their country, their college and themselves, by striving manfully to warrant this classification.

DR. TIBOR PELLE

(continued from page 8)

College (or Academy) of Commerce and successfully completed by requirements for my degree. From there I attended the University of Agriculture in Berlin, where in six years' time I received both my Masters degree (or Big Diploma) and my Doctorate. I might add that it is impossible to attain a Doctorate without first having received your Big Diploma, a system quite different from the one here in America.

Question—What did you do after your education was completed?

Answer—I returned to Hungary and taught animal husbandry at the College of Agriculture for three years. The majority of my time was taken up by my 1500 acre farm. It was a diversified farm with all types of crops and livestock, including cows, beef animals, swine, horses and a diversified orchard in which I grew practically everything except citrus fruits and dates, or those crops which were impossible to grow in our climate.

Question—When did you come to the United States and what did you do before coming here to teach?

Answer—I came to the United States in 1947 and stayed in New York for eight months.

In March of 1948 I moved to the midwest where I managed a purebred fancy beef cattle show herd. My main job was to advise on proper care and feeding of these very fine animals.

Then in September of 1949 I again moved, but this time to St. Francis, South Dakota, and a Jesuit Mission School for 400 Sioux Indians. There I built a dairy herd and organized a system in all fields of agriculture. In August of 1950 I took a request of the Department of Interior to teach 25 veterans general agriculture. The Mission school was not too large and this program worked out quite well. I finished teaching August 16, 1952, and arrived here at the National Agricultural College on August 20th.

—△—

DR. GEORGE E. WEBSTER

(Continued from page 8)

when he couldn't milk a cow or harness a horse. It was Dr. Webster who persuaded his father to use milking machines, trucks and tractors to modernize the farm.

While in high school, Dr. Webster played basketball for the school team, and was active in extra-curricular activities. It was for these extra-curricular activities that he received college scholarships totalling eight hundred and five dollars.

Dr. Webster worked his way through the University of Vermont and the State Agricultural College by milking at the college farm and touring the show circuit in which he cared for the show animals. He received both his Masters and Doctors degrees at Cornell University and now owns a small farm in Fountainville, Pennsylvania, where he raises dairy cattle, poultry and small fruits.

When asked his opinion of N. A. C. Dr. Webster replied, "The National Agricultural College offers a unique opportunity for boys interested in a four year college program combining scientific, technical and practical training."

SPORTS SCENE

Aggie Football Team Drops 3, Wins 1, and Ties 1

BY IRV WATSON '56



Scenes from Farmingdale game, at Farmingdale, L. I.

The National Agricultural College football team got off to a slow start this season. The boys lost their first game at Susquehanna University 26-0, then returned to the home field to lose to a powerful Montclair State Teachers' College eleven by a 20-0 count; the following week they traveled to Trenton State Teachers' College and were slaughtered 41-0.

The next game was a different story. A strong and overconfident Brooklyn College team came to play the Aggies at home and were tied by the Aggies in the last minute of the game. The score was 20-20.

The Green and Gold finally hit their stride on October 25, when they played the Long Island Agricultural and Technical Institute. The Bulldogs upset the New York Aggies 38 to 13.

N.A.C. Trounces L.I. "Aggies"

After a five and one half hour bus ride the Aggies arrived at Farmingdale, New York. Coach Charlie Keys and his able assistant coach John Guisti, took along everyone who came out for the team on this long trip.

The Aggies received the opening kick-off and Danny Franchetti returned it to the mid-field strip. Franchetti took a hand-off from senior quarterback Jim Lipari and scampered 8 yards, but then fumbled the ball with the New York Aggies recovering. Two plays later, the Farmingdale boys hit pay dirt and the Homecoming crowd went wild.

The Aggies again received the kick-off and this time Captain John Guisti returned the ball to the 37 yard marker. The Green and Gold were held short of a first down and Jim Lipari was forced to punt.

The New York boys carried the ball all the way to the Aggies' 9 yard line on tackle and end runs, but here the Bulldogs' defensive squad refused to give up any more ground. The visitors took the ball on downs, and on the first play from scrimmage, little Danny Franchetti took the ball on an off-tackle play and scooted 91 yards behind beautiful blocking for the first T.D. Guisti missed the extra point, and the score stood at 7-6, the New York Aggies in front.

The second quarter was a see-saw contest with the Aggies just looking a shade better than the New York team. Captain John Guisti hurt his arm on a defensive tackle and was lost for the remainder of the game. Finally Franchetti ran another tackle play for 26 yards and another six-pointer. Freshman guard Harry Weber added the extra point to make the score board show, at half time, a 13-7 score.

The Aggies came back strong in the second half and wasted no time on breaking Franchetti loose on a 26-yard jaunt for the Doylestown lads' third score. A little later Franchetti romped over the goal line on a 28 yard run. Ronnie Stammel, a versatile freshman halfback, ran the ball 30 yards to the 5 yard line. After three tries by Stammel, the ball

rested on the one yard marker. On the play, Jim Lipari took a quarterback sneak into the end zone.

In the fourth quarter Lipari tossed a 25 yard pass into the open arms of full-back Ed Fleming. Fleming ran to the 15 yard line. Another off-tackle play, this time by Fleming, netted 9 yards, and a center buck gave the Aggies a first down on the 4 yard line. Two plays later, Ed Fleming powered his way into the six-point land. Injured John Guisti came back into the game to boot the extra point, making the score 38-7.

A few plays later, the Big City boys scored on the Aggies' substitute team. This was the final scoring play of the game. The New York Aggie touchdowns were made by Geierner and Chiera, with McDonald kicking their lone extra point.

Danny Franchetti came back into his old style that last year gave him national recognition on yard gainage. The whole Green and Gold team exhibited blocking, tackling, and team work that have made many a college team great. Yes, the young farmers-to-be really had a *hay* day at Farmingdale.

COMING UP NEXT

**The Aggies All-Opponent Team
Also—Big Feature on Basketball**

* * *
Watch for the 19th!

DUCK HUNTER'S DREAM

By HERBERT MILLSTONE '53

12 Gauge plus Jersey Meadows equals Ducks—for two of N.A.C.'s students, Peter Krusch and Herbert Millstone. This was one day out of many that a duck hunter has a hunter's dream—all the birds that he can shoot at.

It was 12:30 A.M. when Pete Krusch and I unloaded our gear from the bus at our destination, George's Creek. (A fictitious name for security reasons—Ed.) After an hour's ride, we had a two-mile walk ahead of us—two miles to the dock where our boat, which was going to take us to our gunning cabin, was waiting.

The night wasn't particularly good for walking. It was too dark, too cold, too wet, and too breezy, if you would want to call a thirty-five mile gale a breeze.

This combination of nature's forces did not stop us from hiking, however, because for six weeks I had been waiting for this chance to go duck hunting, six weeks of annoying Pete with my practicing of duck calls. We loaded our gear, which consisted of sleeping bags, a week's provisions, hip boots, clothes, shot-guns, ammunition, and a bottle of white lightning (this Peter carried in his hip pocket) on our backs, and started off.

This hike was definitely no leisure stroll. The only sound that could be heard above the shrill whistling of the wind was an occasional quacking of a duck and the muffled cursing of Pete who was having a difficult time in keeping his face out of the boots tied around his neck.

After what seemed hours, we finally reached the dock and saw our waiting ship. She was no prize beauty, being rather old and weather-beaten—but a boat's a boat. We loaded our gear and started rowing for the cabin, which was a good mile and a half out in the marshes.

The tide and wind were against us, making headway virtually impossible. Just as we were about to turn back in disgust, a power boat loomed out of the darkness. It was a thirty-foot skiff, loaded down with fishing nets. On her was a crew of three whom I surmised



The author and his day's bag

were poachers on their way out to Great Bay to do some illegal striped bass fishing.

After quite a bit of calling back and forth, I managed to convince the fishermen that we were not game wardens and persuaded them to take us in tow.

Pete and I made our boat fast and climbed into the skiff. Without the boat to keep Pete busy, he was now free to take out the white lightning, which quickly made the rounds. By the time we reached our cabin, we had quite a little party going. We parted with a friendly good-bye, untied our boat, and headed in toward the cabin, where we quickly unloaded our gear and proceeded to build a fire.

At this time, a description of the cabin would be helpful in giving a clearer picture of our plight. The cabin was like an icebox, its roof leaked like a sieve and somebody had broken in—broken being a mild word. The room was a shambles; a hurricane couldn't have done a better job. All this, plus its antiquated stove, didn't make us feel too comfortable.

There were a couple of wooden crates and a few pieces of drift wood lying

on the floor. We quickly broke this up for fire wood. Pete started the fire, whose flames made the room more inviting. But things were not to continue too well for too long, for just as I began to remove my rain-soaked clothes, something started going wrong with the fire. Smoke began to fill the room until we thought we were in a California smog—it filled every space in the room.

We tried everything we could think of to stop the smoke, everything, that is, except throwing the stove out of the window. Pete made the best suggestion of all when he cried, "Let's get the h— out of here." And that we did.

There we were, standing outside in the cold, wet, dark morning (it was 2 A.M.), and no warmer for our efforts. It's times such as this that make me wonder why I spend my Christmas vacations duck hunting.

We waited for the smoke to clear, hoping, optimistically, that the room would be warm. It's amazing how much smoke and so little heat a wood fire can produce—the cabin was as cold and damp as before.

Knowing that any further work in the cabin would be useless, we threw

our sleeping bags on the floor and tried to get some sleep, figuring, with all of the bad luck we had had so far, nothing else could happen. How wrong I was, for no sooner had I begun to doze off than I felt something rip in my sleeping bag. My foot caught the lining and tore it, and the feathers which line the sleeping bag began pouring over me. I managed to ignore the feathers and was soon fast asleep.

I awoke at 6 A.M., crawled out of my bag, and looked at myself in the mirror. I was covered from head to toe with feathers, resembling, I thought, a carpet-bagger being escorted out of Georgia. Pete took one look at me through half closed eyes, and then pinched his arm to see if he was awake or not. Much to my amazement, he didn't say anything.

After brushing the feathers off, I dressed for the day's gunning. Pete cleaned the chimney and within a few minutes had a roaring fire going in the stove. He then made breakfast and after we finished we pulled on our boots and headed for the duck blind.

The sky was just showing signs of light in the east, but it was still dark enough to make walking precarious. This meadow was the worst one I have ever seen for walking—full of mud, drainage ditches, and sink holes. Sink holes are well camouflaged holes in the sod about two feet in diameter that do not have a solid bottom. They are nothing but slime as deep as you can feel. The local natives refer to them as quicksand.

Pete was the first to step in a sink hole. I heard a splash and a yell followed by very choice and select vulgarity. Pete was in slime over his boots and was flailing the air with his arms. I wasn't much help to him because the incident seemed amusing to me and I was getting a good laugh out of it. Pete managed to struggle out of the hole and crawled to solid ground where he dumped the stagnant water out of his boots. We again started out for the blind.

As we neared our blind, ducks took to the wing all around us. We took a few shots but the ducks were always a little out of range. By now the sky was bright and clear, and ducks were everywhere. This day had all the indications of being a duck hunter's dream and not the usual blue-bird day.

We reached the blind, which is a pit six feet deep, six feet long, and three feet wide. It is lined with planks and covered with a half roof that is camouflaged with reeds and faces a large pond. We put the wooden decoys in the pond about 15 yards out from the blind and directly in front of it. When the decoys were in the desired formation, Pete and I climbed into the pit. Before we were able to get organized, five mallards spotted the decoys, turned towards them, and came flying straight towards us.

They made one circle, set their wings and glided directly over the decoys, less than five feet off the water. Pete and I jumped up and the ducks flared off. That's when we started shooting. Pete cut two down on our left and I took a pair directly in front of us. Not bad, four ducks down and we hadn't been in the blind ten minutes.

We reloaded and in less time than it took to tell, there were three more ducks coming straight for us. They were small green-winged teal flying at about 75 mph and were directly over the decoys. Pete and I each fired two shots, knocking down only one of the teal. The two surviving teal circled around and flew back to the decoys.

This time Pete and I led them a little more, both firing at the same instant and bringing both teal down.

Before long a single black duck flew over the blind, and Pete brought it down with one shot. That gave us our limit of four each.

We climbed out of the blind and while I was bringing in the decoys, Pete walked to the windward edge of the pond to pick up our ducks that had drifted there. Ducks were flying all around us, and if there was not a possession limit of four, we could have shot as many ducks as we could carry.

We started back for the cabin and this time I stepped into a sink hole; it was Pete's turn to laugh. Stepping into a sink hole is quite an experience; one minute you are walking along on solid ground and the next you are up to your hips in soupy slime.

It was 10:30 when we arrived back at the cabin. This left us most of the day to get the cabin in livable condition. After the place was cleaned up and the stove repaired, we had all the luxuries of Elson Hall Dormitory.

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STUDENT COUNCIL NEWS

By W. JAMES OREM '55

The National Agricultural College held its first student council meeting on September 18, 1952. The members present were: President Lewis Sacharnoski, Herbert Millstone, Edward Vansant, Michael Aiello, Peter Krusch, George Weaver, LaBarre Jaggard, Morton Hershman, and Steven Ferdo.

During the meeting the Varsity Club requested fifty dollars from the revolving fund, and the request was granted.

Herb Millstone was officially installed as chairman of the Student Activities Board.

It was decided that the student council meetings would be published in the GLEANER, and that a reporter from the GLEANER would be present at all meetings.

Because of road conditions being so poor, no parking fees will be charged until such roads have been improved.

A committee to pick movies to be shown was chosen. There will be twelve movies shown this year, cartoons included, each of which will be on Wednesday nights. Admission will be twenty-five cents. The committee consists of Herb Millstone, Morton Hershman, and George Weaver.

Movie Schedule

Nov. 19—Call Northside 777.

Dec. 3—Buffalo Bill.

Dec. 10—The Gunfighter.

Dec. 17—Open.

Jan. 21—Down to the Sea in Ships.

Feb. 4—Treasure at Sierra Madre.

Feb. 18—House on 92nd St.

Mar. 4—When Willie Comes Marching Home.

Mar. 25—T. Hersoug.

The second meeting of the student council of the National Agricultural College was held October 9, 1952.

A request was made for a letter to be sent to Ed's Diner for the acknowledgment of the fifty dollars the student council received for the advertising sign placed on the school property.

Three committees were formed to see the Dean about food, roads, and the student lounge. The committees and members are as follows: Food Committee: Harry Weber and Lew Sacharnoski. Road Committee: Steve Ferdo and Michael Aiello. Student Lounge Committee: Peter Krusch, LaBarre Jaggard.

The workings of the student court were explained and Ed Vansant was voted prosecutor.

A theft in the dormitory was reported. Money was taken from football players' rooms while they were at the game on Saturday. This situation will be looked into.

Some of the rules of freshman hazing were cleared up for the Freshman representative.

As many dances as possible will be

held here at the college. A minimum of two weeks must pass between each dance. Classes will have first choice as to where and when they will hold their dance.

It was decided that Thursday would be the most suitable day for student council meetings in the future.

The third student council meeting was open on October 22, 1952.

It was decided that a jukebox dance (continued on page 18)

THE PARROT'S CAGE

By MICHAEL AIELLO '53



Hello all you fans, old and new, the old parrot's back in his cage just chirping full of interesting tidbits of news.

Jack Soards is currently engaged to Gloria (paint bucket) DeMarco. There has been an unearthly silence on the third floor of Ullman Hall since George Demitroff has been working.

We have several transients this year—Art Gale spends his time in Philly, and Ron Bronsweig finds the pure air of New York to his liking.

Guess who, when suspected of cheating on an exam and was requested to move to the front of the room, asked if he could bring a friend along?

Bub Jaggard had a wet summer and it wasn't due to the rain.

The Dairy Society expects an increase of freshman membership after that class' intimate survey of the dairy barns. We understand that Shirvani more or less volunteered for special duty on that eventful day.

That poor old Allis Chalmers won't ever be the same after last summer. How's the plowing, Ludwig?

Sam Boltax returned to us from the frozen wastes of Newfoundland. But is he still longing for the company of those "Newfie" women?

Poor Millstone looks as if he hit one of the larger holes in Alumni Lane.

We are happy to report that Smiling Sam MaLove is upholding the philoso-

phy of Nate Frank's "Buy cheap and sell steep."

Daily double Aiello is the proud owner of the only full diesel automobile on the North American Continent.

I'm sure that everyone in the senior dorm was relieved to meet the girl from Chicago—Congratulations, John.

Warning!—Room inspection soon—"Oke" and Nash.

Dan Franchetti has finally succeeded in beating the draft—What's the secret of your success, Dan?

Ed Vansant has an apartment which that is, if Peters hasn't already put in his reservations.

Joe (the bookie) Chernicoff will take bets anywhere, anytime, on anything.

Memo to George Weaver: Did you ever find that lost blanket on Featherbed Hill?

The Senior dorm is getting warmed up again since Ivar has almost stopped limping.

Is it true that the night before hazing, a car with South Jersey plates, carrying two strong football players in it, was seen streaking out the gate?

That's all for awhile, but watch your step—the Parrot has his glassy eyes on you.

HIJACKED HUMOR

Compiled by PETE KRUSCH '53

She: "This car certainly is doing a lot of stalling."

He: "So are you, honey."

* * *

Economics lectures are like a pair of horns—a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in between.

* * *

In times remote at doth appear

When Englishmen defined "brassiere,"

They term it with a native charm,

"A fence around a dairy farm."—*Texas A & M*

* * *

Wife (to drunken husband): Dear, let's go to bed.

Husband: Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway.

* * *

"Why do you call that Marine boy friend of yours 'Pilgrim,' dear?"

"Because every time he calls he makes some progress."

* * *

"Doc," said the mountaineer, "I want you should fix up my son-in-law. I shot him in the leg yesterday and lamed him up a mite."

"Shame on you shooting your own son-in-law!" scolded the doctor.

"Wal, doc," rejoined the mountaineer, "he warn't my son-in-law when I shot him."—*Ohio State*

* * *

Small Boy: Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?

Dad: Why, no, son. It's the name of a city.

Small Boy: Well sister ate all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out.—*Ohio State*

* * *

She: Stop!

He: I won't!

She (with a sigh of relief): All right, I've done my duty.

* * *

Audubon Society says—Protect the birds. The dove brings peace and the stork little tax exemptions.

* * *

No one knows what the short skirt will be up to next.

Three salesmen were talking. The beer salesman said, "I hate to see a woman drink alone."

The food salesman said, "I hate to see a woman eat alone."

The mattress salesman remained quiet.

* * *

English instructor to Aggie: "How would you punctuate this sentence: Mary went swimming and lost her bathing suit?"

Aggies: "I'd make a dash after Mary."

* * *

Two tourists were driving through the maple syrup district of Vermont. Noticing the shiny tin buckets hung low on the trunks of the trees, one exclaimed in astonishment, "My goodness, they certainly must have a sanitary bunch of dogs around here!"

* * *

"I went over to see Betty last night, and I no sooner stepped into the house than her mother demanded to know what my intentions were toward Betty."

"Well! Were you embarrassed?"

"I woulda been, but just then Betty yelled down and says, 'Ma, that's not the one.'—*Penn State Farmer*

* * *

The newcomer placed his hand on the shoulder of the convict before him and began the rhythmic lockstep back to jail. He leaned forward a little and whispered to the tired convict ahead.

"Is this all there is to this rock splitting job?"

"Ain't fourteen hours a day of it enough?"

"Nothing to it."

"Seven days a week of it! Bad food—rotten bed. . . .

"It's heaven!"

"Say, where did you come from?"

"I . . . was a college professor."

* * *

Army recruiting officer: "When were you born?"

Ag: (No reply).

"I say, when was your birthday?"

(Sullenly) "What do you care? You ain't gonna give me nothin'."—*Iowa Agriculturist*

Old rebel to man about to jump off a cliff:

Rebel: Well, think of your wife and your mother and father.

Jumper: I don't have any.

Rebel: Well, think of your wife and children.

Jumper: I don't have any.

Rebel: Well, think of General Lee.

Jumper: Who is he?

Rebel: Jump, you damn Yankee.—*Ohio State*

* * *

Barely had he paid off the mortgage on his house when he mortgaged it again to buy a new car. Then he went to a loan broker to borrow money on the car so that he could build a garage.

"If I do make this loan," asked the broker, "how will you buy gas for the car?"

"It seems to me," the man replied in dignified tones, "that if a fellow owns his own house, car, and garage, he should be able to get credit for gas."—*Penn State Farmer*

* * *

Clo—"Do you think I should put more fire in my editorials?"

Mrs. King—"No—vice versa!"—*The Oracle*

* * *

"I want to know how long girls should be courted."

"The same as short ones."

* * *

Ta' hell with the expense! Give the canary another seed.



Next year I'm going to turn Pro



The Alumni Gleanings

EDITORIAL

By MORTON HERSHMAN '54

While thumbing through some of the old GLEANERS, I came upon some of the most inspiring writings I have ever read. They were messages from the old alumni to the students and new alumni of N. F. S. These alumni had real spirit and pride in their school. They were proud of the accomplishments of their Alma Mater and told everyone so.

Now that we have become a college, what has happened to these alumni? It is true that many come to the reunions and a few come to a football game now and then, but the large and powerful alumni association which should be in evidence just isn't here. I believe that the main fault is with the newer alumni—the graduates of the college. It is up to these men to carry on the tradition of loyalty that was started so long ago.

The old graduates of N. F. S. and those of the college have a common interest in the betterment of the school and the achievements of our long time goals. A strong alumni association can do this.

In this new idea of the combined GLEANER and GLEANINGS we hope to bring all the alumni in close contact with the activities and problems of the college.

Members of the alumni, we will welcome all suggestions, articles, news, and pictures from you. All of us on the staff sincerely hope that you will participate in this, your part of the Alma Mater's activities—the alumni section of the GLEANER.

What's New With the Alumni?

By now, most of you have heard the news concerning our new assistant Dean. He is James Shaeffer '50. Mr. Shaeffer replaced Mr. Miller, who is now the college Business Manager. Good luck on your new job, Mr. Shaeffer. I feel certain that you will receive the fullest cooperation of the student body.

While our editor was taking a vacation in Atlantic City, he saw Paul Stein '52. Joe said that Paul is looking fine and has lost a little weight.

Two more new alumni were seen

roaming around campus recently. Bob Holland '52, who is working as herdsman at Trainer's Dairy Farm in the Doylestown area, was seen in the dorm, discussing poultry. John Toor '52, an Animal Husbandry major, is working on his father's poultry farm. It seems that the poultry industry is taking more than its measure of grads.

One more alumnus was seen on campus a while ago. Vic Pessano '51 was roaming around taking a vacation from his job at Swift and Co.

Post Grad. Dept.—Bill Jasper '50, who transferred to Vermont, is now at Cornell. He is working for his Doctorate and is employed by the P.M.A. in Washington.

Uncle Sam wanted to get into this act in the worst way. We all looked forward to see Bob Rubin '54 when we came back to school after vacation. Although he did not return, we received word that he is going to another type of school—

Military Police School of the U. S. Army. I know Bob will make a good MP even though he is a quiet, retiring person.

Some friends just received a letter from Bob Davis '54. He is now at Sampson Air Base. As fate would have it, he's bunking right next to another alumnus, Al Furie '52. Bob said that he and Al both like the Air Force, but miss the fellows at N. A. C.

Our social season here at college is getting into full swing. The junior class is again having its third annual Square Dance and Hayride on November 15th, the evening of the last football game. I hope to see many of the alumni present.

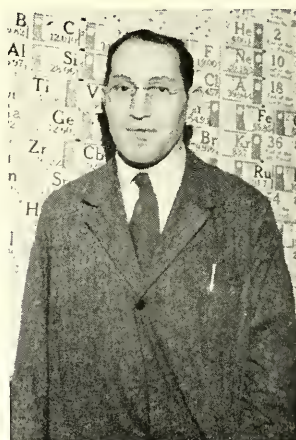
We were all deeply saddened by the recent mishap suffered by Mr. Groman. His strong will and determination to overcome his handicap serves as inspiration to us all.

That's all for now. Until next issue, so long and good luck.

DESERVING HONORS

An Excerpt from a letter sent to the National Farm School from F. G. Hellyer, Acting Dean, Rutgers University, 1934

"As you know, we have three boys from The National Farm School at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, enrolled in the College of Agriculture. Two of them, Van Der Noot and Elson have been here now going on two years, while Plevinsky is in the freshman year. These boys have proved themselves in every place that they have been put. Scholastically Elson and Plevinsky rank near the top of their respective classes, while Van Der Noot is in the upper fourth of his class. Elson and Van Der Noot worked on the College Farm this summer, while each of them proved himself a first class man at any kind of work to which we set him. You, better than I know their contribution to student activities in the University through their performance in various fields of sport. When one remembers their excellent scholastic attainments and their generous contributions to college life and also remember that these boys are earning a considerable part of their expenses, it is easy to see that they have the stuff that makes them not only



Jesse Elson

very desirable college students, but which promises to make the right kind of men for responsible positions after they are through college.

"From the standpoint of the College of Agriculture we wish we could get

(Continued on page 18)

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THE ALUMNI GLEANINGS

(Continued from page 16)

more students like these three from the National Farm School."

F. G. HELLYER, Acting Dean

* * * *

I would like to tell you about one of the three men mentioned above. He is our own chemistry professor, Mr. Jesse Elson.

Mr. Elson hails from Brooklyn, New York, where he was a standout at Madison High School in sports as well as academic work. Upon graduating from Madison High, Jesse entered The National Farm School where he was soon named "hauncher" for his football playing ability. "Haunch" captained an undefeated team in his senior year and was rated as one of the best players to have ever donned a Green and Gold uniform. Jess also showed himself as an all around player by being one of the big guns on the Farm School basketball team. On graduation day he was awarded the Gold Charm Award for scholastic ability, popularity, and athletic attainments.

Jesse continued his education by going to Rutgers University, where he majored in soil chemistry. Upon his stay at Rutgers, Jesse became a member of the boxing team and soon earned the title of heavy weight king of New Jersey. While interviewing Mr. Elson, he mentioned something about finishing a bout with a fractured arm. By doing a little research in the matter, I ran across this column which was printed in the Rutgers School paper. It reads as follows:

"How Many Would?

The ringing challenge of the Rutgers athlete has been reborn again. Last Saturday afternoon Jesse Elson, heavy weight boxer, fought two rounds with a fractured arm, knowing all the time that the three year undefeated record of the Scarlet in the squared circle rested on the outcome of his bout.

"Needless to say, Elson didn't quit even though at the end of the bout he fainted from the pain of battling with a useless hand.

"It is infrequent that the Targun commends an athlete in its editorial columns, but in this case, the staff feels that every undergraduate should pay Jesse Elson just homage for that do or die spirit exhibited against Yale."

"This fractured arm kept Jesse from

earning a spot on the American Olympic boxing team. What greater loyalty can a man have?"

After graduating from Rutgers, Jesse furthered his education by receiving an M. S. from North Carolina State; a B. S. from Virginia Polytechnic Institute; and his Ph.D. from Rutgers University.

At the conclusion of my interview with this man deserving honor, I asked Jesse Elson if he had any other hobbies. The tall impressive gentleman smiled and announced, "My kids are my hobbies."

—△—

STUDENT COUNCIL NEWS

(Continued from page 14)

would be given December 17, at Lasker Hall on the National Agricultural College Campus. It is given by the combined cooperation of the National Agricultural College and Ambler School of Horticulture for Women Glee Clubs.

The student council will carry the Jukebox this year for the first time and for the first semester only. Sam McCleary will be in charge of purchasing and selecting the records.

The college will have four head waiters in the future, instead of three, one being over all the rest. His ap-

pointment will be approved by the student council. All arrangements and problems concerning the dining hall will be taken up with him.

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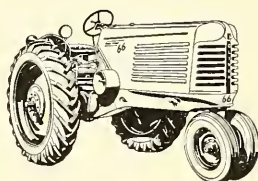
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